

Joseph Sturge & Sir J. Walmsley
French people under h. Napoleon

Sept. 1852

Sept 16th Paris.

1852

(Dear Mr. Estlin,

I hasten to
take the opportunity offered by
the return of our friends the
Lowells to England, to thank you
you most heartily for two kind
letters received from you since I
last wrote to you - one before
our journey to Switzerland, the
other by the Hills, whom we
were very glad to see. They brought
us the pamphlets which we were
extremely glad to see also. Caroline
had already written to us of all
the satisfaction she had had

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in seeing you - of the forthcoming
"Advocate" and of the great
encouragement she saw from it
for the cause. Indeed the general
aspect of the cause seems to me
more encouraging than would
be. The friends are not only
stronger, but the foes are weaker
& the nondescripts in a less dan-
gerous form. Gerrit Smith has formally
merged the Liberty party in free soil-
ism - which is the natural form
of imperfect devotedness & wavering
convictions. Lewis Tappan is pressed
over unnoticed by free soil, & can
only manifest his existence by
buzzing like a passing humble
bee, round the chariot of Party.
to make people think it is "all

along of him" that it is in
motion. I have just received
a letter from Charles F. Honey, a
very intimate & devoted friend of
the cause who is now travelling
in Switzerland who tells me he
met there Sir Joshua Walmsley, &
had much conversation with him.
Sir Joshua enquired if he could
tell him how it was that such
a cloud seemed to rest over Joseph
Sturge in regard to the Anti Sla-
very cause. Honey replied that
to the best of his belief & knowledge
Sturge had greatly injured the
cause in America by fraternizing
with its enemies & commencing
its friends, & referred him to me
for the particulars. Sir Joshua
said he had already had some
conversations with me, & had
in consequence written to

Sturge for an explanation
but had received no answer.
Now, may I beg of you the
favour to enclose to Sir Joshua
Lacey's little Pamphlet. As
giving a picture of Sturge's char-
acters, & exhibiting therefore his
moral complicity in these
slandering transactions, it
may help Sir Joshua to understand
why he received no answer from
Sturge. We have just procured a
copy of Victor Hugo's book. It
is a wonderful display of
Genius & Moral Energy, as
well of historical exactitude. I
think he exaggerates a little the
strength of the resistance. There were
not a thousand stands of arms at
the very utmost as the opponents
of the friends of right, as I am

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told by the very young men
who fought through two days &
nights till their reason well nigh
reel'd with sleeplessness & exhaust-
ion & extreme toil. "We could
not get arms - that was the
difficulty & the only difficulty."
Still, it must be acknowledged
that they who are personally
engaged can better judge of the
extent of resistance than any
others, and I am quite ready
to yield the opinion I had
previously formed. According to V. Hugo's
statement, there was more resistance
than I had thought, but NOT
more butchery & outrage. It
seems strange to read so soon,
as history, the very facts which
took place under our own
eyes, & the very hon. men we
helped to make. But there
are hundreds of thousands in

Paris & millions in France
to whom it will all be
news, so completely has all cir-
culation of thought & news
been cut off, since the Coup d'état
For "doctrine, for reproof, for correc-
tion, for instruction in righteousness"
this "Work of V. Hugo" is admirable.
Louis Napoleon is between the
hammer & the anvil, beneath
a hail ^{storm} of blows, most of which
hit him square. I think it is
doing God service to smuggle
this book into France. It is
said that 8000 copies are already
in circulation in Paris, & 20,000
in the provinces. But like the
coarses & fishes of old, "what are
they among so many. If
it could be freely circulated in
sufficient quantity, there would

be a change here at once.
The French have only to sketch them
selves & the spell will break.

They enjoy sketching themselves fully
more than any people on
earth - as much as the Czarevitch
of the Russian popular legend.
"I must tell it you in the
French, because it sounds so much
better so. La légende raconte qu'un
Czar, soupçonnant la fidélité de
son épouse, ordonna de l'enfermer avec
son fils dans un tonneau. Le Monarque
fit ensuite gondronner le tonneau et
jeter à la mer. Durant longues
années le tonneau flottait sur les
vagues. Cependant, le Czarevitch gran-
disait et commençait de sa tête et
de ses pieds, à toucher les deux fonds
du tonneau. Le Manque d'espace
le gênait chaque jour davantage.
Un jour il dit à sa mère: "Souveraine,
ma mère, permets-moi de m'étendre de
toute la longueur de mes membres."

"Gareitch, mon fils," répond la
mère, "prends garde de faire ce
que tu dis; le tonneau creverait, et
tu périrais dans les ondes salées."
Le Gareitch se tut pour le moment.
Puis, après avoir bien réfléchi, il
répondit encore: "Je m'étendrai, ma
mère: mieux vaut s'étendre une fois
librement, et périr ensuite." So it
is not the French. They are headed
up in any sort of hog's head—
Empire, restoration, charter, what-
not. But they do not stay headed
up & hooked. Caroline must, we
suppose, have arrived yesterday. Our
last letter of the day before was
full of good accounts of my
brother. I enquired the pleasure
of seeing you & Mary. I
must stop here, if I mean to
have time to write a few words
to Mary which I greatly desire. But
the letter I begin with is sure to
be the longest, as I forget how time
goes. With most cordial regards yours ever
A.M. Chapman